

Notwithstanding that the year is fading, and winter stealing upon us, still we have a rich array of flowers that opened to our view during the preceding month, the splendid palace of nature is still sweetly adorned.

"I would sing of you sweet wild flowers, of your lovely beauty dream,
When wandering through the forest by the mountain's gurgling stream;
When the joyous spring wakes gladness in all created things,
And with light elastic tread her emerald mantle brings:—
When the scented gales of summer, breathe glowing life around,
And the air is filled with music, and many a woodland sound;
When the bright Autumnal tints give tokens of decay,
Like the parting gleams of sunshine, as the spirit fades away.

"I would sing of you sweet wild flowers, in the far-sequestered glade,
Where noble pines and ancient oaks, cause deep and solemn shade,
Where tufts of early primroses, and hidden violets grow,
While listening to the wooing of the murmuring brook below;
Where the heather and the harebell grace the red deer's fairy home,
And the feathery ferns in beauty wave beneath the azure dome;

And where roaming o'er the purple hills I tread the dewy sod,
And muse on nature's splendour, in communion with her God.

"I would sing of you sweet wild flowers, in your free untutor'd grace,
Where, lovely in your freshness, your lonely haunts I trace;
And when gazing on your beauty, I converse seem to hold
With happy days gone by, with familiar friends of old;
Oh! can it be, they speak to us in the whispering breeze's sigh?
Do they smile on you sweet flowers, from their mansions in the sky?
Then tell them how we cherish each word, and look, and tone,
And bless the hopes of meeting where partings are unknown."

RATHBONE.

Ripe blackberries now hang in thick clusters upon the hedges, and the *Convolvulus*, whose pure white blossom contrasts beautifully with the shining scarlet berries of the *Solanum Dulcamara*, droop from the branches; the yellow flowers of the Toad-flax (*Linaria Vulgaris*), are still seen on the banks, and the Mallow has not yet thrown off its blossoms; let those who have a taste for flowers, amuse the spare moments with examining the remaining beauties before the winter sets in.